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Vol 8 No 4

THE



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APRIL 1920

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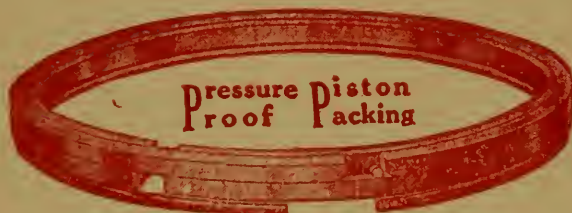
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THE ARCHON

Published six times during the school year by the students of
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APRIL, 1920

No. 4

THE ARCHON BOARD

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LITERARY

STAINS

Last summer while on my walking tour in the Adirondacks I happened to stay in an old inn which from all appearances must have been a colonial mansion. Hidden away in a remote and secluded spot, it lay surrounded by a thick grove of large and imposing horse-chestnut trees, whose long branches seemed to be holding the ancient structure in a tender embrace, thus shielding it in its old age from the rough elements. Along its broad front ran a covered veranda so nearly level with the ground that no steps were needed. The six windows opening on the veranda were tall and wide, their sills but six inches from the floor, and all with massive wooden shutters held to them by strong iron hinges, hand forged and fantastically designed. In either end of the house bay windows, smaller but protected in the same manner as the ones in front, protruded and formed admirable trysting places for the young ladies and fine gallants of by gone days. But these and the low rooms with their massive-beamed ceilings and deep set fireplaces had long since been unused; while only I wandered and rummaged about among the old antiques and forgotten trophies of the hunt and battle, each with its unsung tale.

I spent many days in ransacking the hidden romances of the building and one day I noticed a cluster of dark red stains at the foot of the broad, winding staircase which lead up to the bed rooms.

After much persuasion, the old inn-keeper at last told me about them. His reluctance may have been due to the fact that he was the last of a proud family to own the house and did not wish its secrets to be known. His features showed that he came from a strong and proud race of men; although over sixty, white-haired and furrows of sorrow across his brow, he retained a look of family pride which his well worn but neatly kept clothes tended only to increase.

He told me that the stains were those of John Copley Singleton and Black Hawk, an Indian belonging to the Saranac tribe. John Copley Singleton, whose portrait was that on the extreme left of the family group over the mantle (he with the high forehead and haughty mien) was the elder of two sons who had lived with their parents here when the house was first built. The old man refused to relate the cause of a quarrel which had taken place between the Indian brave and the younger brother; but said that when the Indian had forced his way into the

house the elder brother had fought with him and both had died.

The old man stated that the stains were irradicable because every time he had tried to scrub them away they had sunk further and further into the wood. This fact interested me a great deal because an old gypsy fortune teller had once told me that when blood stains remained like that there was sure to be a remarkable love affair connected in some way with them. With my curiosity thoroughly aroused I tried to get the inn-keeper to tell me more of the story, but to no avail. He only made me more inquisitive by telling me that the killing took place on the evening of that same day many years ago.

The day had been hot and arid with but little wind, and even the breeze that lazily stirred the leaves towards evening gave no relief. Sleeping that night was impossible so I sat reading in my room by the aid of an inadequate oil lamp which flickered and smoked whenever the hot breeze blew upon it. Through my open window I heard the occasional rumbling of a distant storm among the mountains and infrequently the dull gleam of far-off lightning pierced through the thick foliage of the trees.

In this coma I tried to read, but this soon also became an impossibility so I laid my book aside and sat thinking of the old innkeepers story. While in this semi-conscious state I was suddenly startled by the sound of angry voices in the room below. Running to the stairway, I looked down and saw a strange kaleidoscope of color. The wide hall and living room were brightly lighted by innumerable candles and filled with a large company of lords and ladies, all powdered and frilled. When I had become more accustomed to the light, I perceived that the entire company surrounded two figures. One

was a haughty young man conspicuously dressed in a close fitting, dark blue velvet coat, satin knee breeches, silk hosiery, and with fine lace at his wrists and throat. The other was a tall august, portentously built Indian dressed in a scant attire of moccasins, loin cloth belt of wampum, and a blanket of varied hue flung over one shoulder.

The Indian argued with many gesticulations and pointed toward a young couple standing a few steps up on the stairway where the curve had hidden them from me. A young man perhaps twenty years of age, dressed in a riding suit of heavy gray material, held a beautiful young Indian girl in his arms. She outshone any of the fine ladies with their artificial beauty as she stood by her lovers side. The utter simplicity of her leather dress and the two simple coils of jet black hair braided in back made a setting for her dark sparkling eyes and soft brown complexion as no frills or fancy garments could do.

The company took great delight in taunting the Indian brave upon his discomfort and the escape of the lovers. But this was suddenly turned to dismay when the Indian snatched a long knife from under his blanket and sprang upon the man in the blue velvet coat who blocked the way to the stairs. The Indian struck with all his force to exterminate, but only succeeded in gashing a hole in one velvet sleeve. Then the turmoil knew no bounds. The two contestants went down in a rolling, heaving mass of feet, arms, and bodies; women fainted; the men tore swords from the wall but did not dare to use them for fear of missing their thrust and striking their own comrad. Suddenly the struggle ceased and the Indian rose only to fall again, pierced with many sword thrusts, upon his opponent whose silk covered breast was stained

with blood from the place where a knife stuck quivering in his heart, while the bright blade threw back the candle gleams upon the horror stricken assembly. The sight of the blood, the heat, the confusion of color, and the glamor made my head reel. I swayed unsteadily, felt myself grow dizzy, and fell with the roar of mighty waterfalls growing stronger and stronger, louder and louder until there came a mighty crash and

I opened my eyes and found myself in my room while the echoes of thunder filled the woods and a heavy downpour of refreshing rain fell through the thick foliage. I sat there and pondered until it slowly dawned upon me that in my dream—or was it a dream—I had learned the great romance of the old house and I remembered the features of the principle characters in that drama and knew them to be those of the portraits over the mantle in the living room down stairs.

E. D. '20

KNOW THY NEIGHBOR

In order to justify the appearance of an article on the much vexed subject of relations between the United States and Mexico, I must offer, if not absolute novelty, at least the sufficient data to eradicate the baseless conception which the American people has formed, not only of the particular country of Mexico, but of Spanish-America in general. This conception germinated from the apparently harmless disquisitions of two or three groups of men which are united, not by identical aims, but in the manner in which stupidity always mingles with conscienceless malignity. That a tourist describes a banana peeling in the streets of a remote village is far from being irrefragable proof of the barbarity of the nation to which the

village appertains; still Mr. Carlton in his "What Shall we do with Mexico?" bewails "The thoroughly lamentable state of sanitary conditions in our next-door neighbor's," fact which he has been able to corroborate by his trip of a few days, not to a populous or typical city, but to an indigent Spanish settlement in the mining districts! Impossible to believe, yet such as Mr. Carlton is the phalanx of iniquitous assailers of Mexico, the perennial and infantine defamers of a nation's integrity and honour! Connivers to the puerile literati tribe of Mr. Carlton are more dangerous and blamable groups of interested men, holding vast and precious properties in Mexico. One of these groups is formed by a condemnable faction of the United States Congress, insignificant tools of glittering Wall Street; the other, and the most contemptable one, is the Hearst papers.

These later groups, these abominable iconoclasts of harmony between two nations, are not the exclusive product of this generation. A look into American history will convince one that they are the successors of the Southern expansionists of 1848, that they have existed since Monroe's administration, and that their unrelaxing efforts of an invasion of Mexico, abortive as they have been so far, will succeed at last if the government abandons its vigilance for justice and turns to the exquisite fabric of perversity which they have raised.

The year of 1848 this country was trembling already with the impendent civil war. The Southern States, in a frantic effort to balance the number of slave and free states, were clamoring for a war with Mexico for acquisition of territory. Mexico, poor nation, was as torn and devastated then as she finds herself now; but that did not hinder Polk from acquiescing at last to the in-

furiated injunctions of his party, and the ruthless and terrible act was done on what modern historians have agreed on terming a trivial and criminal pretext. In Mexico now, when people want to depict an especially cowardly man, who has taken advantage of a weaker one, they say "more infamous than J. K. P." They do not know to what their simile refers, but we may infer that the initials are those of the vile and flexible president of 1846.

More cordial were the relations between the two neighbors in 1860, when Lincoln was president. In a delirious dream to be emperor (even of such a savage country as Mexico!), Maximilian of Hapsburg had accepted the offer of France, England and Spain for the sceptre of the Moctezumas. Those three countries had decided to obtain by force the money which Mexico had owed to them for immemorial times. Although cumbered by the weight of the Civil War, the United States demanded in behalf of the Monroe Doctrine that the fleets of the three nations should return to their European ports. England and Spain bowed their heads to the young giant, but France arrogantly proclaimed defiance and, as if to pique Lincoln, sent more troops to maintain Maximilian on his ephemeral throne. The United States, its hands tied by its own struggle was constrained to postpone its proffered aid to the Republican forces in Mexico. However, the Civil war over, it could have easily aided them and gained unshakable confidence and gratitude from the countries beyond the Grande River, had it not been for the inimical attitude of the party under Johnson. This conclave refused to abide by their word on the grounds that expediency demanded the immediate work of reconstruction before anything.

I anteriorly said that enemies of Mexico have vegetated since the days of James Monroe. I reiterate the expression, but hasten to add that their character was then less depicable than is now that of their modern progeny. They at least did not mask their names behind the impersonal editorial or hire execrable elements to prove acts which never were committed. They were overt in their unfriendliness, and perhaps to that it was owed that their words were futile. Mr. Monroe, impeccable and gentleman, heeded not their intrigues, but, on the contrary, set what was then believed to be an insurmountable barrier to European rapacity towards Mexico and, indeed, towards all America. Times have evolved and although the Monroe Doctrine has lost its formidableness of a century ago, we still preserve the name of Monroe in sanctity in Mexico.

And now we arrive at last to the center of the Mexican whirlpool, the Monroe Doctrine! I not only do not attack that sincere and worthy effort towards the inviolability of America, I go further to say that had the United States adhered to the letter of the doctrine, no trouble should have ensued between them and Mexico. But since the framing of the document innumerable actions of the United States have evinced their resolution to apart themselves from the clauses of the old principles. Since 1847 we see the luminous series of acts which have impressed Spanish-America as a decided desire to rupture with the Monroe Doctrine. The war with Mexico of 1848, the Panama-Columbia affair of a score years ago, and the Santo Domingo incident of our own days, are the more manifest of these cases. Half of what was Mexico belongs now to this country, Cuba is practically under its dominion, and Santo Domingo will be

so in the future. What is the result? One cannot blame the Latin-Americans for surmising that the United States set the Monroe Doctrine as a curtain to hide her own desires for acquisition, that she wanted Europe to keep away from America in order that she herself should have absolute monopoly of it. "The Excelsior," leading newspaper of Mexico City, voices the general sentiment when it says "that the United States, true cub of the perfidious English leopard, has offered the Monroe Doctrine as a veil to her insatiable desires of colonization." Among the higher spheres of society, of course, there is more confidence in the United States, but the common people are those who sway the course of nations.

And now we come to our end with the eternal question, What shall be the United States policy with Mexico? In the first place, the Hearst papers ought to be prosecuted by law. Liberty of press ceases when the banefulness of a paper arises universal outcries of indignation. The bright renown of such a nation as this ought not to be immolated for the sake of atrocious libelling. Milton's phantom itself would forbid it.

Then, the Monroe Doctrine should be modified and ameliorated in such a manner as to defy the censure of cupid-

ity ascribed to this nation; it should be lucid in stating that the United States will not ever provoke any other American nation for the sake of territory, and above all it should be drawn by the most eminent literary men of the country (as Messrs. Wilson and Conrad,) to be entirely terse and clear; the fault of the present doctrine lies chiefly in its obscurity. Recently sly little San Salvador propounded a query to the most august House of Representatives in the world, and no one of those five hundred men, the cream of America intellectually, ventured to reply. The query was, "What is meant by the Monroe Doctrine?" We should not wonder at the silence of these venerable men; the Monroe Doctrine is as simple and enlightening as Mr. Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason."

Lastly, business men, teachers, and tourists ought to be interchanged between the two countries. Then Mexico, allied in feelings with the United States, would efface all the fears of Latin-America for the "Colossus of the North" and Pan-Americanism would be realizable. America then, young, viril and united, will give realitude to the dreams of More, and a Utopia would start in this desolate globe of ours.

J. E. P-S. '20



SPRING

We can truthfully say that the past winter was one that greatly restricted and hampered all phases of school activity. The weather has much more to do with the amount and quality of work accomplished than most people imagine; this is especially true of school-work.

The human make-up is very susceptible to its physical environment. This influence is very conspicuous in the case of young people. What a great difference there is between the activities of a bright, sun shiny day and those of a dull, dreary day!

We surely have had enough of these latter days to make us almost wish never to see any more snow, rain or cold weather. Nevertheless, the snowstorms, rainstorms and cold waves are over for a while, so the best we can do is to grin, be thankful that it was no worse, and keep on kicking.

While the really discouraging weather held us firmly in its grip, we were unable to cover much ground in our lessons. In order to relieve our conscience we laid the blame entirely at

the weather's feet, and resolved to make up for lost time when the weather became normal. With the passing of winter we formed many resolutions, good or otherwise, for the coming summer. Some decided at once where to spend the much needed vacation. Others applied for positions, in order to return to school with a full pocket-book and incidentally to pay a few of the many debts incurred the last year, perhaps!

However, into the midst of these resolutions, reflections etc., comes Spring with a rush that nearly carries us off our feet. Before we can realize the change, a bright, warm day comes along, and with it the well-remembered smell of Spring!

Spring is here, and what a multitude of endless joys it brings! Baseball! Tennis! Golf! Swimming! and even that hair-raising game of Moody-ites, marbles! Not to speak of the trees and flowers bursting forth, the returning birds, or the squirrels, chipmonks and other woodland creatures whose ceaseless chatter is carried here and there on the mellow, dreamy breeze.

Fellows with bats and balls on their way to the base-ball field, playing "pop-chase" "bunny in the hole" etc., in front of the "Incubator of Great Men," and fellows lounging in the shade while dreaming dreamy day dreams are but a few of the normal manifestations of Spring!

Where are those resolutions about making up for lost time now? Are they of any importance? I rather guess not, for they are as far distant from the minds of the majority of fellows as the North Pole is from the South!

But wait! There are a few chaps who consider their lessons of some importance, and who are now making a pretense of studying at any rate. It is a terrible task, for they long to join one of the "carefree" groups of students.

In this there is one of the greatest lessons of life. Overcoming temptation proves our worth. The man who resists temptation in order to do that which he knows to be right, is the one who makes good. Fellows, for your own sakes get busy and don't day-dream all your life!

On another page of this issue is printed an article on Mexico which deserves our most serious attention. Its importance lies not so much in the facts it presents and the conclusions it seeks to draw,—conclusions with which we may or may not agree—but in the revelation, that here, as always, there are two sides to the case. Too many of us ignore the fact. Only through a just appreciation of our own faults can we hope to arrive at peaceful solutions of difficulties with our neighbours.

In the present era when modern inventions have brought nations more closely together than ever before, this need for self appraisal has been greatly increased. When Yamashita recently gave us his interesting talk on Japanese-American relations, he touched on this same necessity for mutual understanding. The underlying cause of war has nearly always been the inability of one nation to understand another. It is well that we remember that the old command of "Know Thyself" applies to nations as to individuals.

SCHOOL NOTES

GRAND EXPLOSION

A few moments of intense excitement were afforded the members of the chemistry class when some water accidentally came in contact with a large piece of sodium metal. A slight explosion of the hydrogen gas was quickly followed by a larger one which was heard all over the school building. The flames which started were quickly

extinguished by the aid of three hand extinguishers that had recently been refilled in the laboratory. The pungent smoke found its way into the class rooms and suspended activities much to the joy of the occupants. With the exception of a few slight burns no one was harmed, though the fire extinguishers knocked over and smashed quite a number of test tubes, flasks, and the like.

DECLAMATION

During March a preliminary contest was held to see who was qualified to enter the prize speaking contest at commencement. From the following list, six men will be chosen to compete. Akins, Broadley, Browne, Case, Childs,

Dalton, C. Dodge, Goddard, Godfrey, Harkness, Hemingway, Humphries, Lufkin, P. Ullman and Wilson. For the three best delivered orations the prizes of twenty-five, fifteen and ten dollars are given by Fredrick M. Ambrose of New York City.

HONOR ROLL

JANUARY HONOR ROLL

Gilbert M. Smith	92
Paul Ullman	89
Guild R. Holt	88
George W. Goddard	86
Elbert Dalton	86
Edward B. Childs	85
Charles H. Kirshner	84
George F. Kirshner	84
George W. Burr	84
Arle M. Ashcroft	83
Richard J. Locke	83
F. Webster Browne	82
Pei W. Liang	81
Richard E. Upton	81
Robert Harkness	80

Junior School

Donald G. Cilley	85
Robert C. Foster	83

FEBRUARY HONOR ROLL

George W. Burr	89
Arle M. Ashcroft	88
Edward B. Childs	88
Richard J. Locke	87
Charles H. Kirshner	86
Paul Ullman	85
Franklin H. Hemingway	83

Guild R. Holt	83
Elbert Dalton	82
George W. Goddard	82
Robert Harkness	80
Stephen D. Marsh	80

Junior School

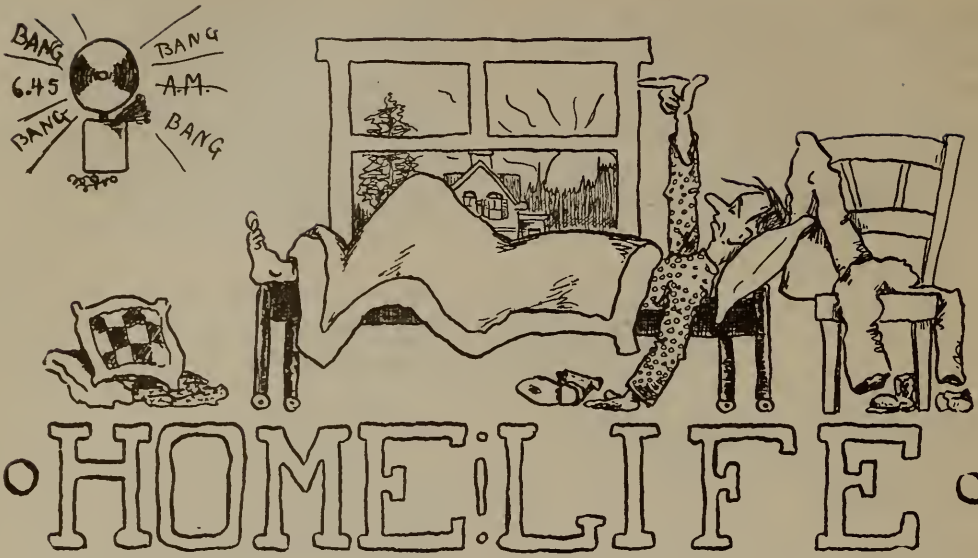
Donald G. Cilley	84
Robert C. Foster	80
James W. Batchelder	80

MID-YEAR HONOR ROLL

Guild R. Holt	90
Gilbert M. Smith	90
George W. Burr	86
Charles H. Kirshner	86
Paul Ullman	85
Edward B. Childs	83
F. Webster Browne	82
Arle M. Ashcroft	82
Elbert Dalton	82
David B. Ericson	82
Pei W. Liang	82
George W. Goddard	81
George F. Kirshner	81

Junior School

Donald G. Cilley	87
Robert C. Foster	85



TANTILIZING TORMENT

During the months of February and March we steadfastly pursued a phantom dance which was to have been run by Phillips and Connor. Each Saturday, however, Old Winter overturned the carefully made plans by a choice assortment of blizzards; and when finally it seemed as if even the weather had at last relented, then stalked the Mumps into our midst. It is to be hoped that with the coming of Spring both storms and germs will forsake us and allow us to feast our eyes once more on a gym. full of irresistible but ephemorous femininity.

SLEIGH RIDE

On February sixteenth, Taro Yamashita gave us all an outing in the form of a sleigh ride and dinner at Bald Pate Inn. He accidentally started the chimney fire in Mason Cottage and gave us the outing to pay us for the fun and excitement of putting out the slight conflagration. It seems therefore that we are doubly indebted to Taro instead of our scores being balanced.

We started from Dummer in three puns at about four o'clock in the after

noon and arrived a little after seven o'clock. The ride was rather cold but the warm Inn and delicious Dinner which was served upon our arrival soon put us all in the best of spirits.

Strange to say, the supper was eaten in a much less noisy manner than was to be expected with our school training and the cider which was served. The latter especially as it was—well not too hard but just right, don't you know. After supper some of us danced, a few of us indulged in an exciting game of bean bag—which the seniors played wonderfully well—while the rest of us just sat around and gossipped. We started back about half past nine and most of us succeeded in crawling into bed at one o'clock in a fatigued but happy state of mind.

THE MINSTREL SHOW

A heavy storm in the middle of the week of March 6 promising to completely cut us off from the outside world, we planned and produced in three day's time a Minstrel Show that would have been the envy of Lew Dockstader himself.

Before the minstrel show proper, several short acts were given. A take-off on the crabbing of the basket-ball team after a defeat and a supposedly accurate representation of an orchestra rehearsal were contributed by groups of Commoners. Following these came two whirl-wind bouts between Carpenter Trull and Battling Kid Haley of Canada which ended in the Knockout of the French invader. Next, we were transported to the romantic atmosphere of Spain by the bewitching Senorita Vamparina Burke whose dancing revealed a most startling knowledge of modern vamping.

In the minstrel show proper, Mr. Hebbard made an excellent interlocutor and kept things running smoothly; Mr. Smith and Frank Connor as the end men had us laughing all the time. Picho and Phillips did the solo work of the songs in first rate style, while the chorus as a whole acquitted itself well. Rich and Holt gave us a piano-banjo duet, and Mr. Smith also got off a song, self accompanied on the banjo, which made a big hit in spite of, or perhaps owing to, its lack of music.

The jokes and parodies gave us many laughs and left no one mortally injured. The orchestra burst forth with a rousing march as a finale to a very enjoyable evening.

THE BANQUET

Wednesday evening, March third, we enjoyed a combination birth-day party and foot-ball banquet. Alenander B. Mulholland received a lot of turkeys from his father in honor of his once-in-four-years birthday, and we did honor to them for him. The foot-ball side of the banquet consisted in the giving out of the letters to the Varsity, Second, and Junior Teams.

When everyone had begun to sit back and eat more leisurely, Dr. Ingham started the speech-making by giving us a number of his famous telegrams. Then after we had eaten all there was, he gave a short speech and introduced the first orator.

Paul Ullman gave us a brief history of the junior foot-ball team, its defeats and victories this year. George Burr, our noted naturalist, orated upon the animals that habitate this section of the country. Then that city of wonderful boulevards, Kansas City, Missouri, was pictured to us in a very vivid and interesting manner by one of its noble citizens, Franklin W. Hemingway.

Mr. Farrell presented the juniors with their earned letters, and added a personal gift to manager Harkness for his excellent work and to next year's first team captain Dodge for his exceptional work at center. Mr. Smith followed and gave out the first and second team letters along with a word of praise and criticism for each.

Then ex-captain Marsh read his speech which was a resume of the past foot-ball season. This was followed by another reading by captain Worcester on the result of the work of the basket-ball team. The concluding address was read by our most eminent scholar, Mr. John P. Akins. The theme of his discourse was "The Classics," the subject matter being gleaned from personal observation and study.

While we could not follow all the intricacies of the professor's scintillating logic, yet that very inability on our part is a supreme proof of the quality of his discourse which came as the super climax of a very climatic evening.



LOCALS



Case:- "How much is 9 times 13?"

Lock:- "117. Can't you do that?"

Case:- "Eventually, of course, but fools multiply rapidly."

Dr. Ingham:- "Marsh, be sure and shave before you play to-day or you are liable to scratch some of the players."

Akins:- "Dodge, has Dr. Ingham ever called you down for being low in your studies?"

Dodge:- "No, why?"

Akins:- "Then you have never been up very high in them."

In algebra Mr. DeRosay suggested that a few of the fellows be Y's (wise).

Mr. Smith:- "Marsh, lie down and rest a bit before the game."

Marsh:- "Oh, I've been in study hall all the morning and am all slept out."

Haley:- "Sir, shall I take a shower to-night?"

Mr. Farrell:- "I'll tell you in the morning."

Mr. Smith:- "Woodward, have you got your 'Idylls of the King' this morning?"

Woodward:- "No, but I've got the Providence Journal."

"Zack," (to "Gus" who failed to make a certain height in jumping) :- "

"You're rotten 'Gus'."

"Gus":- "Well remember, 'Zack', Rome wasn't built in a day."

Manning (to fair Newburyporter):- "Everyone tells me that my dancing is heavenly."

Fair N.:- "Well, there is something a little unearthly about it."

HEARD AT THE COMMONS

Waiter: Say are you in love with the coffee this morning? Here I've filled your cup seven times all ready.

Any student: You bet I am or I wouldn't be drinking so much water to get a little.

Lives of great men all remind us,
As their pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.

Gargoyle.

Dr. Ingham:- Pichardo, do you know where all little boys go who smoke?

Pichardo: Yes, sir, on the turnpike.

Kay (singing):- "She's got a voice just like the angels, n'everthing-----"

Travis:- "May be she has, but what's that got to do with your singing?"

English class, sixth period, knock on the door.

Marsh:-"Come in if your good looking"

Enter ----- Mrs. Farrell -----

Mr. Hebbard:-"I want to enter the potato race."

Holt:-"Easy enough, be a waiter at the Commons."

A GOOD TEACHER

P. Y. Liang:-"These B. V. D's make me shimmy with the cold."

Case:-"Say, Lufkin, since you are such a broadly educated man explain to me the difference between capital and Labor."

Lufkin:-"If you lend me five dollars that is capital."

Case:-"I understand."

Lufkin:-"When you try to collect it that is Labor."

HALL OF FAME

The opening of the Dummer Hall of Fame last month has been followed by a flood of letters for nomination. After careful consideration, the Hall of Fame Editor selects the following as the most meritorious cases.

The member of the faculty whom we nominate is:- WILBUR.

Because he can make a clean-up with either the broom or the Mississippi

marbles; because he has acquired a fine line of hot air from living next to the furnace; because he can do more work in a day than the ordinary man does in fifteen minutes; but particularly because he considers himself to be as indispensable as the fifth wheel on a carriage.

We nominate BLOSSOM GROVES:

Because his blush is uncolored by anniline dyes; because he receives almost as many marks as Rich Phillips; because he makes more out of a sentence than most of us; but most of all, because he spoke on Success with success.

We nominate UNCLE OLIVER:

Because he is our only sub-Freshman special; because he is a fluent reader in English IV; because through Providence, he will return to Brown; and especially because, like all good sailors, he remains jolly although he can no longer cross the bar.

We nominate G. WATSON BURR:

Because all of his knowledge is divided into two parts,—that which he knows and that which he does not know because, in spite of his responsibilities, he is smiling all the time; because, being a typical burr, he can stick as a waiter; and lastly, because he chases after Smith for first place on the Honor Roll with as much constancy as he chases the exclusive butterfly.



On Wed. February 11, our basketball team went to Hamilton and defeated the Hamilton High five 25-12. Although greatly handicapped by the absence of Lufkin and because Worcester was in the game only a few minutes, we had no difficulty in "bringing home the bacon."

Dummer 25-Hamilton 12

Dummer	Hamilton High
Marsh, Browne	R. F. Cummings
Phillips	L. F. Malone
Worcester, Marsh	C. Burns
Dodge	R. B. Katz
Dalton	L. B. Davis, Foster

Goals; Worcester 8, Marsh 4, Phillips 3, Cummings, Burns 2. Goals from fouls, Worcester, Burns 6. Referee Archibald.

Dummer 54-Amesbury 26

After defeating Amesbury on their own floor it was not so hard a job to defeat them on our own. Worcester made eleven baskets and Marsh seven. Everyone played well, the passing was good, and the victory well earned.

Dummer	Amesbury
Phillips, Lufkin	L. F. Barlow, Corporn
Marsh, Pichardo	R. F. Currier
Worcester, Browne	C. Tanner
Dodge, Phillips	R. B. Corporn, Holston
Dalton, Madero	L. B. Newell

Field goals: Worcester 11, Marsh 7, Lufkin 3, Dalton 3, Dodge 1, Phillips 1, Barlow 6, Currier 5, Tanner 1, Corporn 1. Foul goals: Marsh 1, Currier 2.

DUMMER 55- THAYER 18

In our return game with Thayer Academy we made up for our lose at their hands earlier in the season by scoring fifty-five points to their eighteen. Worcester, Lufkin, and Marsh did fine shooting for us. Dalton was put out for personal fouls for the first time in the season. After running up a good score the first team stepped out and most of the second team went in for the last few minutes.

Dummer	Thayer
Lufkin	L. F. Holbrook
Marsh, P. Y. Liang	R. F. MacDonald
Worcester, Pichardo	C. Barrows
Phillips, Dodge	R. B. Josselyn
Dalton, Madero	L. B. Lyons

Field goals: Lufkin 9, Marsh 8, Worcester 10, Barrows 3, Lyons 3. Foul goals: Lufkin 1, Barrows 6.

DUMMER 58 LYNN ENGLISH 17

Our last game ended the season properly by being a victory, this time over Lynn English. Worcester, Lufkin and Marsh did their usual good work while the backs kept the ball away from their end of the gymnasium in good style. Almost the entire second team went in for the last few minutes to give them a chance of which they took full advantage.

Dummer	Lynn English
Lufkin, Pichardo	L. F. McCashner
Marsh, P. W. Liang	R. F. Gariety
Worcester, Browne	C. Redfield

Phillips, Madero R. B.

Phaneuf

Dalton, Dodge L. B.

Crosky

Field goals: Lufkin 7, Marsh 8, Worcester 11, Liang 1, McCashner 4, Crosky 2, Redfield 1, Phaneuf 1. Foul goals Worcester 3, McCashner 1.

THE BASKET-BALL SEASON

The season began inauspiciously, with apparently only fair material. A weakness at center developed at once, which necessitated several changes. After losing two games, Dummer "hit it's stride," and had one of the most successful seasons in years, winning 8 out of 11 games.

Marsh and Lufkin proved faster and cleaverer as the season advanced, their shooting and passing being rapid and accurate. Captain Worcester was a remarkably fine center, his ability in following the ball, shooting, and passing making him unbeatable the entire season. Phillips and Dodge were strong, clever guards, but, to the coach, Dalton appeared one of the best guards in school-boy ranks.

The reason for our success seems to me to have been the absolute harmony coupled with the aggressiveness of our teamwork.

Madero's injuries precluded the possibility of his showing his true value.

Dodge showed the most remarkable improvement of the season.

The second team, composed of Browne, Ruiz, Pichardo, P. W. Liang, P. Y. Liang, Locke, and Madero worked hard the whole season, and made success possible.

The season, as a whole, proves the same points that are proved over and over again:

Practice, perseverance, aggressiveness, and team work make for success.

A. M. SMITH, Coach.

TRACK

B. A. A. Meet

The track team that was sent to the B. A. A. meet on February 14, met with many handicaps and suffered accordingly. Holt and Ruiz were expected to run the "thousand," but were prevented from going by illness. Those who did go had to walk to Rowley over snow through which horses could not travel. D. Swett jumped the gun in the four-forty and was set back, but forced his way up to third place and held it until the home stretch when Robenson of Huntington passed him. Macmahon failed to place in the forty yd. dash because he was also set back after jumping the gun.

Huntington Meet

In the Huntington Meet on February 21, our relay team consisted of Macmahon, Manning, Wilson, and Swett lost to Commerce High School of Boston, the team which made the best time in the meet.

Macmahon in the forty and three hundred, Manning and Wilson also in the three hundred, and Browne in the high jump all failed to place. Swett ran in the six-hundred but was spilled head over heels when Gardiner of Roxbury Latin fell in front of him. Ruiz also failed to place in the thousand. The Junior team consisting of Haley, Gardiner, Kirshner and Ullman were defeated by the Roxbury Latin Juniors.

SCHOOL TRACK RECORDS

In the early part of March we held an intermural track meet in order to establish new school records. Every record was broken except the twenty yard dashes. The new record and the names and winners of them will be framed and posted in the "gym." Ingham was high point man with thirty to his credit. Capt. Swett and Worcester tied for second place with 15 points each.

SENIORS

Event	Record	Holder	Year
20 yd. Dash	2 2-5 seconds	Nutter	1917
300 yd. Dash	36 1-5 seconds	Macmahon	1920
600 yd. Dash	1 minute 20 3-5 sec.	D. Swett	1920
1000 yd. Dash	2 minutes 34 3-5 sec.	Ruiz	1920
1 Mile run	5 minutes 4 2-5 sec.	Akins	1920
Running High Jump	4 ft. 11 1-4 in.	Browne	1920
Standing Broad Jump	7 feet 10 in.	D. Swett	1920
12 lb. Shot Put	33 ft. 6 1-2 ins.	Worcester	1920

INTERMEDIATE

20 yd. Dash	2 3-5 sec.	Macmahon	1917
150 yd. Dash	18 sec.	Ingham	1920
300 yd. Dash	41 2-5 sec.	Ingham	1920
600 yd. Dash	1 min. 30 1-5 sec.	Ingham	1920
1000 yd. Dash	2 min. 56 4-5 sec.	Ingham	1920
Running High Jump	4 ft. 3 1-4 in.	Ingham	1920
Standing Broad Jump	6 ft. 8 1-2 in.	Small	1920
12 lb Shot Put	25 ft. 11 1-2 in.	Groves	1920

JUNIORS

20 yd. Dash	3 1-5 sec.	P. Ullman	1920
150 yd. Dash	18 1-5 sec.	C. Kirshner	1920
300 yd. Dash	40 sec.	Haley	1920
600 yd. Dash	1 min. 40 2-5 sec.	P. Ullman	1920
Running High Jump	4 ft. 1 1-2 in.	Gardiner	1920
Standing Broad Jump	6 ft. 6 in.	Gardiner	1920
12 lb. Shot Put	23 ft. 11 in.	G. Kirshner	1920
Highest Points, Ingham 30; Worcester Browne	1917	Cilley 15; D. Swett 15.	1920

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